

SKINK EYES

as I'm reading
on the sofa
suddenly this
little darting
dark shape
appears & stops
half hidden
under my leg

it's a skink
I like skinks
& I think it
knows that

even as I reach
for the folded
paper & felt pen
its tiny black eyes
look around

focus on me
curious
intelligent
trusting
black pearl dot eyes
feeding me
the fire of
this poem

MY 1ST HERO

ok
it's 9:15 am
I'm stonehenge stoned
I'm thinking about heroes
my very first hero
my hobo uncle Eddy
dark smouldering eyes
5 foot 3
quiet
shy
bearded
nattily dressed
even though he
was a hobo

just a little unassuming guy
yet when he walked in
god walked in

HEROES 2

heroes
fail
too

just like
anyone else
we know that
yet we hang
on to the
few we
have

— Billy Jones

Upper Caboolture, Australia